## IRISH FISHER FOLK.

Eating Two-Eyed Beefsteaks For Breakfast at a Country Inn.

THE ROBIN'S SWEET SONG OF LOVE.

Impress of Spanish Domination in the City of the Tribes.

THE SALMON-LEAPS OF THE CORRIB

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. ] ALWAY. IRE-

LAND, January 7. -"An' wull ye be havin' a two-eyed

sixteenth century Irish bed in a half doze and dream, hearing a robin at the casemated window flood the winter morning with melodious promise of fair weather. But never sang robin sweeter than came the Trish notes of melodious good will from Elie Madagan's rosy lips. I sat bolt upright and stared at the happy

couple, for John Madigan, tall and cleanshaven, fine as a priest and grave as the sly blade he is, stood behind his fair Elie, his two big hands tenderly laid upon her ample shoulders, his lips innocently pursed, but with a thousand twinkles in his solemn, upraised eyes; Elie, the while, all attention to the possible wants of her guest, making sidewise and backward eloquent passes at her silent husband "for the thricks that wor in him." "Beggin' yer pardon, sor," continued

Elie radiantly, "but we see ould Nell Mor-ris, an' a crew o' thim, air sthandin' ferninst the dure, batein' each other with their skibs for first spache, knockin' the sky out wid their murtherin' ways, an' sind, sor, top o' the mornin', an' God bliss an' save ye the day an' night, an' will ye kindiy have, for the gift o' thim, a pair o' the heartsomest two-eyed beefsteaks that iver come for siventy-an'-siven year by hand o' Claddagh

## TWO-EYED BEEFSTEARS.

How pretty she looked, and how proud John was as she delivered this great speech! But I was half in and half out of bed, confrented by a woman and a quandary. What, in the name of Irish tradition, were "two-eyed beefstenks?" In temporization lay my only escape; for I could hear the importunate voices of the honest fishwives below, rising shrill and shriller up the winding stairway; knew that their gaunt forms would follow at the first impulse; and so I asked Mrs. Madigan to kindly convey my best love to ancient and odorous Nell Morris and her friends; bestow a thousand thanks for their surprising gift; and hint to them how glad I would be would they wash down those thanks with a bottle or two of whatever might turn on their tap of joy-for drinking is regarded by the lowly of Ireland as "that blissed divarsion that kills grief and rises cheer"-to be set down against my slender reckoning. Elie shook with laughter on her way down, and the old inn fairly trembled from her cumbrons descent. On her arrival at the bar there instantly arose a furious battle of hilarious tongues; and in the temporary hush and privacy this imposed in my apartment, I whisperingly appealed to John Madigan, between man and man as it were, while as free from the embarrassing presence of "the sex" as Mr. Wegg longed be when the hard words stood giant-like in his mental path. He was still standing where Elie had left him in my open door, a rosy picture of tolerative, superlative com-placence. He would not tace me, and I leared the worst. He gazed fixedly at the eciling-edge, raising and falling with gentle modesty upon his toes and soles, his hands deprecatingly together, opening and closing in easy sympathy from finger-tips to wrists, and his capacious jowls gradually distenddoubled and exploded in one of those wild Irish whoops which is hardly a shrick, not quite a yell, something less than a laugh, but immeasurably more than all four together; and it was in this condition that Elie, out of breath but agile as a whirlwind. found him and clapped her two true, tremendous hands upon his exposed back with far resounding whacks. Like a flash they stood facing each other, severe, aughty, awful, in their affectionate and

A BARE JOKE.

Ah, it is Love, but Love.

What is that subtle alchemist. That in the humblest or most savage breast Brings but munificence of joy and rest; That deftly changes all alloy to gold, And gives immortal youth to young or old?— Ab, it is Love, but Love.

What is that living miracle
That wrests a thrillful joy from every pain;
That builds from direct loss supremest gain;
That lifts triumphant over harm and hate
To earthly heaven, and Heaven's shining

Ah, it is Love, but Love. There is not a more thoroughly and characteristically Irish town in Ireland than ancient Galway. Because of this, you will find extraordinury interest, and that most entrancing of all experiences to the traveler, the sense of personal discovery, in the strangs and unexpected here, which are not Trish at all. This particularly comprehends that subtle yet almost intangible feeling that you are not in Ireland, but have in your wanderings been suddenly whisked away to one of those delicious hives of humans, an olden city of Spain. You cannot well describe how and where it is. Like

that strange presence pulsing through the Indian summer days, you feel and know its existence. In architecture it finds a surprising number of witnesses. It flashes to your consciousness in color, form, carriage and grouping among the lowly, and in carriage, face contour, and above all in a certaine, face contour, and above all in a certaine, face contour, and above all in a certain form. riage, face contour, and above all in a certain pathetic lottiness of expression from the eyes, and the large, mobile, almost passionate, mouth, of those of gentler birth. So strong is this all upon you, even in its vagarious, fleeting influence, that your fancy instantly transforms that old half-Moorish Franciscan church tower into a mosqued covering for chimes of diminutive cracked bells, which you expect to hear in fretful din every hour of the 24, just as at Havana, Barcelona, or Madrid.

SPANISH TYPES.

In that graceful balcony, or behind this quaint old lattice work, you feel there must be swaying cortinas of lace or reeds, where hide the senoritas of the Spanish homes you know; and now and then glimpses of the dark justrous eyes, the bine-black hair of grape-film shade, the dazzling teeth and the matchless symmetry of the state of the sta beelsteak for verbreakfast, the morning?" sang Elie Madigan at the wide open door of my cavernous room in the quaint old Madigan inn of Galway. I had been lying in my bed in a half doze obin at the casematof such an one are truly caught for your poetic 400 isb-wives of Galway are 100 women of trame, face, complexion and unconscious race manner, who are precise types of those you will find in the same vocation in all the seaport cities of Spain. There are not a half dozen distinctly typical Irish faces among the saucy lot. It is only when you hear their wild, shrill voices, catch their luscious brogge, or become a hapless victim of their merciless billingsgate, that this wonderful semblance is dispelled. Then the awakening is so startling that one wonders if he has been dreaming, or in what grotesque guise these folk will next be masking. Wherevenoue turns in the quant city, grotesone guise these folk will next be masking. Wherevenone turns in the quant city,
the race likeness is met. Out of that spacious
mansion comes a dignified old man. He is an
Irisbuan, but he has the manner and very look
of a Spanish grandee. Here at the window you
modestly neer into the face of lady, young or
old. The broad forehead, deep-set, luminous
eyes, the wide-arching eyebrows—truly a gift in
Irish beauty, but never so marked as here—the
oval face, the large, half-open lips and the
square-round chin, will greet you. These belong to Irish women. But Spanish face and
form surely enfold the Irish heart and soul. On
this huge arched bridge gather loitering peasant
women from far Conemara wilds, looking this huge arched bridge gather loitering peasant twomen from far Couemara wilds, looking longingly at the myriads of salmon in the Cor-rib ceneath. See the red, black and yellow in their coarse raiment between bare heads and bare knees. You cannot find such striking colors north of the Tyrol.

AN ORIENTAL SCENE. Under this arch; by the edge of this park, which you think of as a plaza: in wide, huge doorways; at crumbling church porches; where lanes and alleys tangle and lose themselves in mazes of picturesque angles; see the flashing of these barbaric oriental colors. See the lithe, supple forms; the shapely feet and legs; the free, wide, generous gesture; the head-carried burden; the cloaking of exquisite natural grace under the old black braideens; the universal draping of raiment or ornament from the won-derful coal-black hair; the unconsciously dar-me, straightforward, half-wondering, half-pa-thetic, look out of those great black, or dark thetic, look out of those great black, or dark blue, eyes, which so entrances in women of the tropics; the long, drooping eye-lashes, far more marked than with Irish beauties, so distin-guished in this respect: as well as innumerable other touches and traces of similitude—sil a heritage of the warm and passionate South; and the student of ethnology has before him most extraordinary proof of the marvelous im-press left by Spanish domination of fully 1,000 years ago upon this isolate Irish "City of the Tribes."

the Tribes."

Down through the very center of old Galway rashes the river Corrib to the sea from the weird castle-lined, mountain-hemmed lake Corrib above. On either side are ancient mills, now crumbling and deserted, full of arches and dark recesses like dank cloisters in old abbey ruins, where the water that once moved the tirches wheels fretand scold among the shadowy silences as if mountainty calling the dead activities to reawakened life. A great and now unised cand with massive walls and coping leadused canal with massive walls and coping, lead-ing from the bay to the still waters of the river above, passes like a line of silver to the right. From this to the north bank, beyond which one may see over gray old walls to a horizon-edge fretted with mountain-heights rising from Conemara wilds, reach bridges of stone, broad, arched and huge. From these one may feast his eyes on such prodigious schools of salmon as are never elsewhere in the sight of man. The Corrib is black with them. Apparently sullen and half lifeless in these winter days, with moses pointed up-stream, they seem to float there motionless and still, and in gentle swalls or "pockets" of the river bed hundreds massed together can be counted. Here for a short distance, and above, is the most import. short distance, and above, is the most important salmon fishery and the grandest "salmon leaps" to be found in Ireland. But at no season of the year may they be taken, save by the son of the year may they be taken, save by the rich, and then only on payment of fla rod per day; though the numberless canny poachers who laze about the weirs, and who are ready to turn "coaching" angler for a tyro, revealing piscatorial dodges never before, of course, revealed to mortal man, have pretty ways of "fouling" the luscious fish with marvelous dexterity and matchless innocence, almost under the very noses of the vigilant keepers themselves.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

Around the weirs and deserted quays one will chance upon many strange character studies indeed; but, after the fishwives of Galway, the most interesting body of folk in all Ireland are those of little Claddagh by the "God bless us an' save us! phat's the matter wid you?" exclaimed Elie, looking sternly into John Madigan's gray eyes.
"God bless an' save us! the same to you, Misthress Madigan." retorted the husband, looking searchingly into Elie's blue and tender eyes.
"Och, blissed etarnity! I tuk ye for gone in the fits."
"By the elevens! an' so I wor, mo grinchree (my heart's sunshine). "Twor thim beetsteaks. The gintleman guv me the whisper av 'em!"
Then the roar they both set up, treble and base in all scales, tones and runs, silenced shore. This village of thatched huts is a part whisper are finder both the stimp, troils call the stimp, troils call the stimp, the stimp of river Corrib through Galway town; and Elie, gasping, gargling, shaking, and half sincing it all in indescribably melodious tones—the two in half embrace swaring back and forth like innocent, happy children—revealed the mystery.

"Think to railting (grape and serected), the properties of the state of supervisions, than any other waterside presence of a Goa among them, nor bishops, wild butther grape like Limeric sausage; and swate beyant all sitin' as healther bloom (gasps of merriment). Any yed didn't know thim? Well, now, railly off (monor) label langher from both), and what aisy goint thin Americans do he!"

Then will happer-based kisses, the happy, loving nair the melodies of Irish brooks; and erders of grilling Galway "two-cycle befsteats," delicate as that of heather bells indeed. And while I still lev there in the kind, qualit place, contemplation of the surpassing declina was trained and the raining these strange people as many happens and lowly places, while the robin sang his sale-weather promise in the case made window, was imperceptibly wrought into these hambel lines:

LOVE, THE week in the kind of the surpassing declina was trained and the proportion of the contemps and the proportion of the contemps and the proporties of the case of the contemps and the proportion of the whistie haldeles van formation to the characters of the more than the work of the part of the contemps and the properties of support to make the properties of the part of the part of the properties of the part of the part of the part of the properties of the mercan of the gentlemen. As the properties are truly more state that the wernal of the part of support to the properties of the properties of the mercan of the gentlemen and the properties of the properties an' we're here, sor. God sind ye luck!".

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Stitches in the Back Cured.

Peter C. Vandewater, Commissioner of Highways, Woodsburg. Long Island, N. Y., writes:
"During the last three years I have been troubled with stitches in the back. They came on without the slightest warning and laid me up for two or three weeks at a time, and nothing did me any good. Over a year ago I had a more severe attack. I could hardly move. My wrie then applied an Allcock's Porous Plaster, on the small of the back where the kink appeared to be. I never had used one before. In a short time all pain had vanished, and the next morning I got up and attended to my business. I put a fresh plaster on every week for a mouth and I feel that I have been entirely cured, as i have not had an attack in the last 18 months." Su

SHIRTS, our own make, Jackson's \$1 sbirt. 2,100 linen bosom, finest fitting shirts that can be made. None without the name

Is Now the Ultra-Fashionable and

THE FEATURES OF THE DANCE.

The Grave Responsibility Resting Upon

FAVORS AS TROPHIES OF CONQUESTS

the Leader.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

"WHAT is the german? How is 1t come from? Is it line, to be a permanent feature of social enterure of social enter-tainment?"

These questions naturally arise to the vast majority of newspaper readers who know no more about the doings of high society than they can gather from occasional paragraphs or reports. There are certain kinds of dances that are universally known, but the german is one that has been as a rule confined to a more exclusive set than any other form of entertainment. There was a time when it was looked upon as the most wicked of all delooked upon as the most wicked of all devices for amusement, and perhaps in some places it is still held in this estimation.

That, perhaps, is because of the lack of the finds the lady that exactly corresponds to knowledge as to its real nature.

Everybody understands that, to be a

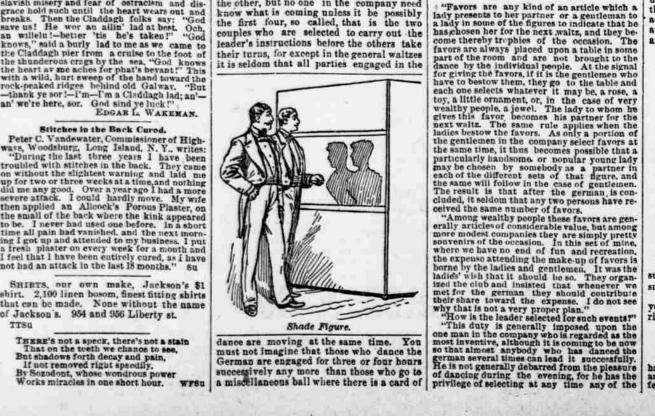


gatherings.

RATHER EXCLUSIVE. The writer has discussed the matter with several successful leaders of the german, and such information as is here given comes from them. No one, apparently, knows where the name originated or sees any reason for it. The dance was first known as the cotilion and that is its only proper name, and it is said that people are

ing to the use of that term instead of the one now generally accepted. "To begin with," said one of these leaday see over gray old walls to a horizon-edge ers: "the german is largely made up of to a miscellaneous or a numerous gathering. It should be danced by only personal friends and, in my opinion, not more than eight or ten couples should be engaged in it. Its charm lies in the continual novelty that it presents, for I think it may sately be said that no two germans have ever been danced in exactly the same way. That altogether





18 or 20 numbers. There are periods of rest for all save, possibly, the musicians.

"It is impossible to lay down any law which will apply to all parties where the German is danced, but the way it is done in my set I can explain, and I think it is about the best way to extract the most my set 1 can explain, and 1 think it is about the best way to extract the most genuine fun and recreation out of the enter-tainment. We will suppose that there are 20 of us, 10 gentlemen and 10 ladies, with one added who is the leader. He may have a partner, but as a rule he keeps in the background and devotes his whole energy

to helping along the entertainment of the others. With us the selection of partners is The Youth's Companion. generally by lot. Twenty novelities are prepared, in each of which is a button. Ten of these novelties are for the gentlemen and ten for the ladies. When "The clouds whirled wildly round us, and

マンド といいいかんかい Screen Figure.

he finds the lady that exactly corresponds to his own. Of course there may be a great variety of devices of this kind. Another very good one is to put in the noveltles divided mottoes, as for instance: 'Love me little, love me long.' A gentleman will find a ribbon or an engraved card or any other device of this kind on which is inscribed: 'Love me little.' His partner will be the lady who has a similar ribbon or card inscribed with: 'Love me long.' SOME FEATURES.

"After the first partners have been secured, however, it does not mean that these two shall dance together throughout the whole evening, because the figures are such that the partners are constantly changing. The leader has usually a little musical whistle which he blows constantly changing. The leader has usually a little musical whistle which ne blows as a signal for the movements and, as a rule, four people take part in the movements at a time, although there are some which I will explain that call for more than that number. We will suppose that the entertainment has begun by a general waltz in which all the parties present take part with their first partners. Then at the sound of the whistle they take their seats around the room. Then the first figure may be what is called "The Candle," a very amusing device, which is performed after this fashion: The leader places a chair in the middle of the room and calling a young lady from the first four come forward. She holds the candle at any height she may choose and the gentlemen jump up in turn and try to blow it out. The one who succeeds in blowing it out becomes her partner for the next waltz. In this figure, of course, the lady has every opportunity to favor the gentleman she likes. A very tall man may be presented to her, for instance, and if she does not choose him, she may hold seem that the german might be the very pleasantest form of social amusement, and though it assumes quite different aspects under different leaders in general it is bound to remain at the head of all dance gatherings.

RATHER EXCLUSIVE. figure has been performed by the first four, a



Mirror Figure.

whistle is sounded and the next four try it, and whistie is sounded and the next tour ry it, and so on until every lady has stood upon the chair, and every gentleman has taken his turn at jumping. After that the whistle is sounded again, and those who have found their partners in this curious fashion waltz for a few moments. The waltzes are always brief, just enough to give an exhilarating flavor to the entertainment.
"From this single illustration you can see

"From this sincle illustration you can see how an ingenious leader may plan any number of curious features for the evening. Another that is almost always interesting is called "The Shade." In this a white curtain is stretched across a part of the room, the lights turned down, and a lamp or a caudle placed upon a table a little way back of the curtain. Certain of the ladies, who are selected by the leader, seat themselves back of the curtain so that their profiles are cast in shade upon it, and the gentlemen approach upon the other side and pick out their partners according to the shade. SOMEONE'S LEFT.

"An amusing feature of most of the figures "An amusir feature of most of the figures is an arrangement by which at least one man in every set gets left. A good illustration of this scheme is the screen figure. This is similar to the shade, except that, instead of stretching a curtain across the room, a screen of fine tissue paper is used. Four ladies stand in a row way at one end of the room at considerable distance from the screen. Five gentlemen get upon their knees behind it. The ladies cannot see the gentlemen put the regulations. from the screen. Five gentlemen get upon their knees behind it. The ladies cannot see the gentlemen nor the gentlemen the ladies. At the sound of the whistle the ladies run forward rapidly, burst through the screen, and fall in the arms of the kneeling gentlemen. As there are only four, and as there is no possible chance of selecting a partner, one of the gentlemen must naturally get left. If a lady by chance falls into the arms of two gentlemen at a time, the choice, of course, is designated by

ladies present to dance a figure with him. The invention of new figures is no easy matter, too. Beyond the planning of movements, there has to be something done to secure articles such as the curtains and screens and candles which may be used in them. All this work the leader has to do unassisted, and any defect in the arrangements is necessarily chargeable to him."

THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC. Prof. Tyndall Gives a Thrilling Descript of a Fight Against the Cold. On Prof Tyndall's second ascent of Mont

Blane he was caught in a snow-storm at the summit. He has given a graphic description of the difficulty and danger which attended his attempts at performing some scientific experiments in such circumstances. It offered a curious illustration of the fact that there are times when nothing is so welcome as suffering. The trost-bitten man's case became more hopeful as soon as he felt

the fine snow, which was caught by the wind and spit bitterly at us, cut off a visible communication between us and the lower world. As we approached the summit the air thickened more and more, and the cold became intense. "We reached the top in good condition, nevertheless, and leaving Balmat, the guide,

to make a hole for the thermometer, I collected a number of batons, drove them into the snow, and, drawing my plaid round them, formed a kind of extempore tent to shelter my boiling-water apparatus. The covering was tightly held, but the snow was fine and dry as dust, and penetrated everywhere; my lamp could not be secured from it, and half a box of matches was consumed in the effort to ignite it. At length it did flame up, and carried on a splutering

"Meanwhile the absence of muscular action caused the cold to affect our men severely. I myself was too intent upon my work to feel it much, but I was numbed; one of my fingers had lost sensation, and my right heel was in pain; still I had no thought of relinquishing my observation until Mr. Wills came to say that we must return speedily, for Balmat's hands were frozen. I did not comprehend the full significance of the word; but the porters presented such an aspect of suffering that I feared to detain them any longer.

"I struck my tent, deposited the thermometer, and as I watched the covering of it up, some of the party commenced the descent. I followed them speedily. Midway down the first slope I saw Balmat, who was about a hundred yards in advance of me, suddenly pause and thrust his hands into the snow, and commenced rubbing them vigor-

ously.
"The suddenness of the act surprised me, but I had no idea at the time of its real significance. I soon came up to him; he seemed frightened, and continued to beat and rub his hands, plunging them at quick intervals into the snow. Still I thought the thing would speedily pass away, for I had too much faith in the man's experience to suppose that he would permit him-self to be seriously injured. But it did not pass as I hoped it would, and the possi-bility of his losing his hands presented itself

"At last he became exhausted by his eforts, staggered like a drunken man and fell upon the snow. Mr. Wills and I took each a hand, and continued the process of beating and rubbing. I feared that we should injure him by our blows, but he continued to exclaim:

"'Don't be afraid! strike all the time, strike hard!'
"We did so, till Mr. Wills became exhausted, and a porter had to take his place. Meanwhile Balmat pinched and bit his fingers at intervals, to test their condition; but for a long time there was no sensation. but for a long time there was no sensation. He was evidently hopeless. At last return- which the Empress Eugenie was the princi- "But he never called for ing sensation in one hand announced itself by excruciating pain.

'I suffer!' he exclaimed at intervalswords which, from a man of iron endurance, had more than ordinary significance. But pain was better than death, and, under the circumstances, a sign of improve-

"We resumed our descent, while he con-tinued to rub his hands with snow and brandy, thrusting them at every few steps into the snow. At Chamouni he had skilful medical advice, and escaped with the loss of six of his nails-his hands were saved.'

QUEER ARTICLES OF FOOD. Where They Eat Everything-Caterpillars n West Indian Luxury. Sentleman's Magazine. In South America the inhabitants eat

everything, even serpents and lizards. Humboldt has there seen even children drag enormous centipedes out of their holes and crunch them up. Puppies are choice food on the Missouri and Mississippi, and at Emaraldi the tid-bit is a roasted monkey. The flesh of the larger animals is appreciated variously, in Arabia the horse, in India the elephant, and in Egypt the camel. The Chinese taste is for cats, dogs, rats, and serpents, while bears' paws and birds' nests are dainties. But the Parlahs of Hindostan have still stronger stomachs, for they contend with the dogs, vultures and kites for the putrid carrion. The nearest approach to this remarkable taste is afforded by the inhabitants of Cochin China, who prefer rotten eggs to fresh ones. At Terra-cina a guest will be asked whether he preters a land or water eel. In the West In-dies a large caterpillar found on the palm tree is esteemed a luxury, while the edible nests of the Java swallows are so rich a dainty that the ingredients cost as much as

A curious taste prevails in many parts of the world for clay. According to Humboldt it is eaten in all the countries of the torrid zone, but the practice is also observed in the north as hundreds of cart-loads of earth containing infusoria are said to be annually consumed by the country people in the most remote parts of Sweden, and in Finland a kind of earth is occasionally mixed with bread. This latter custom is more civilized than that observed by women on the Magdalena river, who, while shaping earthen vessels on the potters' wheel, put large lumps of clay in their mouths. In the same place it is often necessary to confine the children to prevent their running out to eat earth immediately after a tall of rain. The Otomac tribe of eartheating Indians knead the earth-a true potter's clay-into balls of five or six inches in diameter, which they roast by a weak fire until the outside is hard. They remoisten them when they are required as food, and, according to a monk who lived 12 years among them, one of them would est a pound and a quarter of this peculiar food in a day.



Mrs. Hunnimune (reproachfully)-Why, surely, John, you're not going into the smoking car? Mr. Hunnimane-Of course I am. Didn't you say we must act in public like old mar-

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Dr. J. R. Fortson, Kiowa, Ind. T., says: "I have tried it for constipation, with success, and think it worthy a thorough trial by the profession."

Jesse Shepherd Shows How the Society is Undergoing Revolution.

MME. PATTI IN ROMEO AND JULIET

BRUTAL DRAMATIC SENSATION

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

The season has opened with rumors of revolution on all sides. In politics, in art, in the church, in the theater, new ideas and startling innovations supply fresh sensations for a public never weary of novelty and dramatic incident.

Well acquainted with the modes and nanners of the Parisians under the Empire, am constrained to say without reserve that the Paris of to-day is in everything wholly unlike the Paris of 20 years ago. I can see a vast difference between the cus-

toms of the present and the habits of life prevalent even five years ago.

The season of 1888 and 1889 has already the first performance some one came forward and spoke the name of the author, De Goncourt. This was the signal for a renewal of supplied some sensations which, as a famous writer remarked to me the other day, are sure to furnish interesting studies for the future historian. Patti has appeared at the future historian. Patti has appeared at the new but conservative school. After the Grand Opera after an absence of 15 years: first performance Alphonse Daudet gave a an absence which caused the Parisians considerable mortification, considering the fact that they still cling to the illusion that all and critics were invited. At this gathering great artists are bound to make frequent

It was with the gravest apprehensions that Mme. Patti consented to take the place of the prima donna who was announced to appear in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." All sorts of excuses and flattering announce-ments were thrown to the public in the form ot compliments to the French nation, to French art, to the good Parisians and to Gounod in order to prepare the people for the ordeal of the first night. I have never witnessed a more cautious, more interesting maneuver on the part of a great singer. Filteen years of continual triumphs in Russia, England and America made the French somewhat bitter and envious toward

feeling, but Mme. Patti-woman and artist -knew it and felt it, and was afraid of the final result. The mere fact of the cele brated singer consenting to appear in grand opera for the bagatelle of \$800 a night is sufficient to show the importance of this affair. Never was there such a farce mingled with the drama-Patti returning to the great capital, the luxurious center o Europe, to sing for \$800 a night! There was a pressure, a scramble for tickets for the first representation of "Romeo and Juliet" that surpassed anything of the kind in years. The best seats went for \$100, while loges sold for any price. A brilliant audience assembled to applaud the diva, after having been duly prepared in advance by skillfully worded announcements in all the journals to the effect that Patti would sing for a sum just sufficient to defray her actual

the Parisian populace! While this farce was going on scenes of a was singing at the Theater Lyrique, Eugenie was living in the Tuileries, a beautiful woman, the most distinguished among famous women. The other day the ex-Empress came to Paris with her mind made up to look once more on the spot where the magnificent palace once stood, in which she held so many regal fetes and in which Louis

scenes of glory long past and gone! A MUNIFICENT GIFT. The death of the Duchess of Sutherland n England was followed by that of the Duchesse de Galliera in Paris the other day Senator Stanford's girt of \$20,000,000 to the State of California is now rivaled by the splendid donations of the Duchesse de Galliera, who, altogether, has given away a little over a hundred million francs. The mansion of this remarkable woman, in the Rue de Varenne, is a veritable palace of luxury and art—the finest, most sumptuous private residence in Paris. The Duchesse left 25,000,000 francs to the city of Genoa, her birthplace, besides two palaces in that city one to be turned into an art museum, the other to be made into a hospital. The Paris mansion is bequeathed to the Ambassador of Austria. There was some difficulty in the settlement of this superb property until to-day, when the Austrian Government gave the Ambassador permission to accept the donation. The Duchesse also left 10,-000,000 to Mile. de Munster, the daughter of the German Ambassador; 10,000,000 to Philippe Ferrari, her son, and 12,000,000 to the Empress Victoria. In her will the Duchesse de Galliera has given orders that the garden be maintained as it is, at an annual expense of 80,000 francs. The funeral train left Paris yesterday for Genoa, where solemn religious ceremonies will be held over all that remains of the woman who loved art, artists and the poor, and who never tired of unostentations deeds of

An important reception was recently given by the Baron de Billing. All the land Bonaparte; the brother of the King of Naples sat beside the Prince de Valori, the friend of Don Carlos; the Count de Turenne Count de Bethune, Essad Pasha, the Turk ish Ambassador, and Roman Fernandez, the Mexican Minister. This array presents a strange medley of aristocratic titles to com together on the same evening in honor of a republican leader. But, as I remarked at the head of this letter, Paris is undergoing

a revolution in everything. RUSSIAN FASHIONS. works, and this appreciation is on the i

The success of the day in literature is a volume of epics by the Limousine poet, the Abbe Joseph Roux, the celebrated author of "Pensees."

the talk of Paris, the dramatic sensation of the hour. It is now war to the knile between the realists, headed by De Goncourt and Zola, and the conservatives, backed by a large and powerful following, including many of the young writers of talent. De Goncourt was a long time in getting this revelation of realistic art ready for the stage; every act was put together piece by piece, every phrase cut and polished, until nothing superfluous remained, nothing that would in the slightest degree border on the ideal or the romantic. I believe De Goncourt was some years turning this drama of court was some years turning this drama of Parisian realism over in his head before

A' BRUTAL DRAMA. There are ten tableaux in "Germanie Lacerteux," and from beginning to end it is one continual procession of painful realities, more intense, if possible, than the realism of "L'Assommoir." The two great scenes of the piece are the hospital and the cemetery. In the latter the climax of dramatic melancholy is reached. A female figure and first two representations was a bedlam of confusion, hisses, groans, cries, applause for the actors, mingled applause and contempt for the author. The actors came out of the

mingled applause, hisses and shaking of fists at adversaries, real or imaginary. Paris is therefore devided into two camps, the advanced realists and the idealist of a supper at his residence in the Rue de Belle-chasse, to which 40 of the leading realists of notables another extraordinary scene oc-curred. Emile Zola and De Goncourt had long been on unfriendly terms; a great sur-prise awaited the company as Zola rose with a glass of wine in his hand to drifk to the success of "Germanie Lacerteux!" Among the celebrities present were M. de Goncourt, Emile Zola, Aurelian Scholl, Paul Marie-ton, the poet and editor; M. Descaves, M. Zeller, of the Institute; Gaston Geffroy, Hennique, Gouderat, etc. The question now is how long will "Germanie Lacerteux" hold the boards at the Odeon? JESSE SHEPARD.

New York Herald.] "I see you are observing my scarf pin," said a Brooklyn jeweler whom I happened to meet a day or two ago. "Members of the trade don't often wear conspicious jewelry.

As a rule, in fact, jewelers wear no jewelry

interests me, and that's why I wear it." The pin was certainly a striking one. It was large and consisted of a bed of sapphires, pearls and rubies, surrounded by a border of diamonds. Of course I expressed

a desire to know its history.
"Not long before the burning of the Brooklyn Theater," said the jeweler, "a man, a stranger to me, came into my store in Brooklyn and ordered a scarf pin made after this description. I told him my price, a pretty high one, for the jewels would be expensive. But he agreed, paid me a deposit and leit. I took the man for a gambler who had just played in good luck; but I afterward learned from a detective that he was a professional swindler, and no doubt

intended to get that pin without paying "But he never called for the pin. pal figure. Twenty years ago, while Patti was burned to death in the Brooklyn Theater fire. From the very first it seemed as though a strange and tragic fatality was a sociated with this trinket. I put it in the show case, and it was not long before a sporting man saw it and bought it on the spot. He was murdered three months later in a brawl in Chicago. A few weeks after that a wretched-looking woman entered my place and offered this very pin for sale. She ex-plained that it belonged to her husband, the man who had been killed. She had happened into my place by the merest chance. I bought the pin back and put it in the showcase again. Next time I sold it to a druggist. The day after he bought it he made a mistake in mixing a prescription and caused the death of a mother and her baby. The druggist's business failed and he was reduced to poverty. He brought the pin to me and I bought it back again. Once more it went into the showcase. I

was getting used to it by this time.
"I didn't have to wait long for the next
adventure of that pin. A few month ago a handsome, stylishly-dressed girl came in and asked to see some rings. The fatal pin was on the tray I set before her. While my back was turned the satal jewel got its fine work in, as usual. Fascinated by it, the girl stole the pin and put it in her pocket. I missed it immediately after she left, and a detective recovered it for me. The girl was pretty and of respectable family, so the jury called it 'kleptomania,' or some other nice name, and she got off. Now I have taken to wearing the pin myself. I want to show that I can rise superior to superstition and defy the 'hoodoo' that is connected with the pin. My business hasn't gone to smash, I haven't murdered anybody, and my mother-in-law hasn't come to make us a visit. But I dare say something horrible is in store for me.'

Punch. Blind Man (in a London fog)-Now, then, sir! Look where you're going to! Jones-I beg your pardon, my good fellow-this beastly fog-couldn't see you-lost my way-don't know where the dickens

Blind Man-Fog, is there? Ah-just you take hold o' my arm, and tell me where you live, and I'll see you safe home. Fog makes no difference to me!

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Address communications for this departs E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine.

446-CUPID'S RAMBLE.

(Deletions.) There are three calendars at our gate . . . but they are all blind of the right eye.Arabian Nights.

Sly Cupid one day, as the chroniclers say, Grew sick of his homely den.

And equipping himself, the sportive elf Set out for the haunts of men. And his object there, old legends declare, Was to war upon human kind; To rob them of sight in broad daylight,

For his votaries all are blind. His journey led by a patient's bed And be blinded him with a shot; When the eyeless trunk on us rickety bunk Was much by inventors sought.

He met a maid in a rustic plaid When, poising his dart again He treated the quick as he served the sick, And the maiden became insane. Then in he fell with an infidel,

Who scoffed at things above; When he blinded him, as his sight grew dim He as gentle became as a dove. He turned about, met a soldier stout, And, including him in his plans, So his sight destroyed that he's since employed At tinkering old wives' pans.

In passing down a cathedral town.
The minister stood in the porch,
Whom he on the sly deprived of an eye,
And changed him into a church. At ease in an inn where he thought it no sin

To stop for a quiet lunch;
He the waiter bereft of his sight and left
The liquid diluting his punch. W. WILSON 447-RIDDLE.

Please take two noses, just for fun,
And place them side by side;
And see how quick a seed will grow
To tan the Egyptian's hide.
ABBIE A. MUDGETT.

448-ANAGRAM OF THE ALPHABET. A Prize Puzzle. Form a grammatical sentence of the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet, using every letter and repeating none. Well-known proper names and recognized

abbreviations are allowable. E. W. HABRIS. [A fine book-a very desirable prize-will be awarded for the best sentence forwarded within five days.]

449-CHARADE. The first is one, a Latin word, In compositions often heard. The second may be very small, May trouble you or nourish all. The whole, an animal in fables, Was never found in any stables

450-A BIT OF ADVICE. I'm an auld Scotch sawney luikin' on, I've watched you mony a day, Ye dour and soncy puzzler lads, Now let me hae my say.

Ye would na hae me say it oot Vi' naught to tax the min',

('Tis ane lang word, I make it twa)
For—luik ye noo at "henna,"
An' "leather straps for legs o' hawks," 'Twill cos ye ne'er a penny! HAPPT THOUGHT. 451-DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Words of Seven Letters.

452-TRANSPOSITION.

"My teapota" may be observed,
Shown by a line that straight or curved,
Is tangent to a curve, but yet
Its point in distance infinite—
"A beauteons type," so Liebnitz tho't,
"Of the soul's progress on toward God,"
J. K. P. B. THE DECEMBER COMPETITION.

ANSWERS. 438-Bass-wood, crab, red-bud, cinnamon, sas-438—Bass-wood, crab, red-bud, cinnamon, sassafras, ash, button-wood, bex, cocoa, slippery
eim, plam, beech; dog-wood, pine, fir, iemon,
tapioca, cucumber, pear, lime, sugar or maple,
locust, elder, sandal-wood; cork, balsam, birch,
thorn, plane, umbrella; spruce, gum, cottonwood, weening willow, balm of Gilead, tree of
heaven; yew, pussy willow, coffee, iron-wood,
scrub oak, hay; rose-wood, bread-fruit, Indiarubber, shad, judas, tulip; mahogany, oak,
palm, buckeye, olive,
439—Twine, wine, twin, win, in, I.
449—2745.

440-2745



444-1, ps, st, past. 2, R. N., Obi, robin. & 445-Articulation. PALINDROMES,

Never entrap a partner even, AN UNCLE'S ADVICE. Good counsel I'm bestowing, Because I know 'tis needed;

A GROWING EVIL. And dip in filthy crimes,

That the brains of youth might gather Vigor by degrees Upon our shelves I'd rather See Pope's Epopees. HE GAVE THEM THE NEGATIVE

First essayed the photograph.

He made sober savants stare
And the unbelievers laugh.

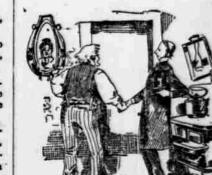
When he triumphed, how he chafed
At their questions how 'twas done,
And but one reply vonchsates,
"No; with gilded light I won."

MONTREAL, CAN. W. WILSON.

His Tribute.



Uncle Aminidab (to the pastor, who is



making a consolatory call)-'Tain't over han'some, parson, but it's darned appropri-ate. Maria wus one'r th' hardest workin' women you ever see.—Judge.

THE PARIS OF TO-DAY

Her Ordeal in Paris After an Absence of

Fifteen Years.

ARIS, January 10 .-

visits to the French Capital.

PATTI IN PARIS. The journals gave no expression to this

expenses-a nice bait for an artist with the wealth and the talent of Patti to throw to

> the Great, Marie Antoinette and so many others feasted and fattened and dreamed away the days and the years, without a thought for the morrow or the impending revolutions. The ex-Empress is a guest of the Duchesse de Mouchy, and the two drove to the long vacant place in the heart of Paris to gaze on the spot where not a stone, not a bit of mortar, is left of the famous and gorgeous pile once known as the Tuileries. Tile ex-Empress was overcome and fainted in the arms of the Duchesse. What thoughts these things awaken for the historian and the student of human nature! Patti returns after long years to renew her triumphs at the age of 44. Eugenie re turns, an old woman, to weep over the

leading disciples of Boulanger were there in force. Rochefort sat beside Prince Ro-

some unaccountable reason the Russian colony leads in the foreign portion of fashionable Paris this year. Russian tea, literature, fashions are the rage. The advent of a couple of Grand Dukes, with heir usual train of titled lackeys, set the ball in motion early in the season, so that now we may expect a new and curious inter-blending of Russian hypocrisy and French finesse until some more powerful form of insanity takes possession of that queer conglomeration known as Parisian society. One of the most astonishing features about the revolution of artistic thought in Paris is the triumph of Wagner's music. Not a concert takes place that does not contain a selection from some of the great composer's

of "Pensees."

For a long time Paris has not witnessed a theatrical uproar like that experienced at the Odeon the other evening at the first representation of "Germanie Lacerteux," by De Goncourt. To-day this realistic play is

committing his inspirations to paper. Zola, he declared, had not gone far enough; an element more real, more tramatic, more intense, should supply a deficiency sadly wanting in all modern plays.

choly is reached. A female figure ap-proaches the graveyard and in the gloom stumbles over the graves. It is a picture of social horrors unrelieved by pathos or poetry, in which poverty, greed, sensuality and vice fill every role, and in which the hardest characters seem to carry the palm and win the prize. The theater during the

A HOODOO AND A SCARF PIN. Misfortune That Follows a Beautiful Piece of Jewelry-Some of Its Victims.

at all. But this pin has a history which On royal arms in foreign lands, On waving flags he proudly stands; A weapon of defense—his fame And ornament—explains his name.

My wee bit counsel or advice, 'Tis "sharply," you will fin'.

1. A vast country. 2. A sort of whale. 3. Pertaining to water. 4. Pulverized voclanic substances. 5. A kind of fish. 6. A character in "Hamlet." 7. Yearnful.

Primals and finals name two of our greatest mischief-makers.

EXCELSIOR.

Prize winners: 1. T. Ackler, Pittsburg; 2. Oliver Twist, Pittsburg; "Roll of honor:" J. Bosch, Harry Howard, Artha E. Driscoll, Maude Martin, A. B. Oy, Jennie Esplen, L. D. P., S. O. L. Verr, Mystio Jr., H. O. Leary, Anon, Mrs. D. H.

AN IDEAL BELLE. Never was ogie seen in her glance, Never in bed was she found at seven, Never would firt with dudes in the dance

But from the way you're going,
I fear me little heeded.
Now, your esteemed a puppy,
In company derided.
Did I say sir, copy
Hypocrists as I did. Well, men may launch invectives 'Gainst novels of the times, Which deify detectives,

When the world-famed Daguerre First essaved the photograph.

